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## FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.

Hereford, Tuesday.

The Festival opened this morning under most favourable circumstances, of which glorious weather was not the least auspicious. Hereford differs from Birmingham in being, to a large extent, dependent upon meteorological conditions. Its audience gathers from all the region round about instead of massing for the week in a great town; and days of rain are, therefore, days of ruin. The Festival prospers most when the sun shines as it did this morning, and as it is shining now upon the pleasant country. Heartily are the consequent congratulations, especially as the cathedral city stands decked in brave attire, which a downpour would make most miserable. Time and again, for years past, I have urged the three associated towns to put themselves thoroughly *en fête* on these occasions. It is not enough to hang out a few flags. As much would be done in honour of a cattle show; but no more has been attempted till now. Hereford leads the way of reform, as becomes a place which, if small in dimensions, is great in spirit. I do not forget how firmly the city on the Wye stood up for the Festival when its very existence was threatened by zeal without discretion; nor can I fail to bear in mind that it was the first to give evening performances in the cathedral, and to recognize the fact that Beethoven's symphonies are not necessarily "profane." Again I have to say "Well done Hereford!" for the streets are now made bright by something better than bunting. Triumphal arches span them with inscriptions of welcome, and mottoes in honour of art and artists; Venetian masts, gay with banneroles, line the pavements, and many houses are decorated with taste and effect. The Festivals may be retrograding, as some people, who know nothing at all about them, tell us, but these things are no indication of backwardness. On the contrary, they manifest a spirit of progress worthy of recognition and applause, and certain to be appreciated by everybody who knows how much good is done by a week of music like the present. The Hereford Festival has no reason to be ashamed of itself in any particular. A "London amateur," it is true, may not be drawn by it over the hundred and forty miles of intervening space; but before the London amateur complains he should be certain that the Festival is intended for him, and that he is at all necessary to it.

A full choral service took place this morning, in accordance with ancient precedent, but without the co-operation of band and chorus as at Worcester last year. The absence of these important accessories was a disadvantage which the authorities might well take into consideration in view of future festivals. Something may, perhaps, be said on the other side; yet the balance is in favour of a custom which began with the life of the institution and was only suspended when the musical performances came to be regarded as no better than concerts. Nothing would be lost, at any rate, by spreading the interest of the occasion over as wide a space as possible, and by giving to those who cannot afford the purchase of tickets a direct concern in its welfare. The success of the grand services at Worcester last year was most marked. Setting aside all other considerations, those solemnities secured the goodwill of an entire population for an artistic event which otherwise would have appealed to no more than a section. It must not be supposed, however, that musical value was entirely wanting to the opening act of worship as conducted here. Members of the three choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester took part in it; Mr C. H. Lloyd presided very ably at the organ, and Dr Walmisley's excellent anthem, "The Lord shall comfort Zion," was given with considerable effect, in addition to the late Dr Wesley's *Te Deum* and "Jubilate" in E. The festival sermon was preached by the Rev Sir G. H. Cornwall, Bart., from the text, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another"—words admirably suited to an occasion on which the claims of charity were paramount. A more practical discourse could not have been desired, nor could the fact have been more clearly set forth that the Western Festival is, as at present constituted, a means to an end; in other words, a consecration of music to the noble duty of consoling the "widow and fatherless in their affliction."

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* followed the service after an interval, and served once more to fill the cathedral with interested listeners. There was not the smallest sign that the great dramatic oratorio is losing its popularity and becoming less efficacious for the purpose it has here served so long. Every appearance spoke to the contrary—the animated streets, the steady influx of visitors by road and rail, the full cathedral, and the lively interest which attended the music from first to last. In view of all this a proposal to remove *Elijah* from the programme in favour of any "epoch-making" work you please, would have seemed, what, indeed, it would have been, a

sheer absurdity. Figures alone will serve as proof. The average attendance at *Elijah* in 1870-73-76 was 1,132; in 1879 the number present reached 1,351; and to-day 1,394. In face of such a result he must be a bold man who advises the committee to throw over the trustworthy oratorio for a risky novelty. On my own part, I rejoice at the continued favour shown to *Elijah*. While that work and the *Messiah* remain dear, the English heart may be regarded as musically sound and healthy.

The oratorio was preceded by a short form of prayer, as is now the wholesome and reverent rule; the Bishop of Hereford giving the Benediction at its close. Concerning the performance I need not speak at length, especially as the principal artists were, with only one exception, those who sang in *Elijah* at Birmingham. Mme Albani and Miss Anna Williams divided the soprano solos; Mme Patey and Miss Hilda Wilson shared those for contralto; Mr Lloyd took the tenor airs; and Mr Santley impersonated the Hebrew prophet in his own matchless way, singing with a fervour and spirit worthy of his fame. All did well, and even better than usual, stimulated, perhaps, by their impressive surroundings, and moved to sing, as the audience were moved to hear, in a thoroughly religious spirit. The concerted numbers gained by the co-operation of Miss Marian Fenna, Miss Parratt, Messrs Frederiks, Boyle, Stanley Smith, and F. King; Mr Done presided at the organ, and Mr Langdon Colborne conducted with as much discretion and success, perhaps, as it was reasonable to look for in view of his inexperience. That the chorus distinguished itself will be taken for granted. A body of voices so excellent, engaged upon a work so familiar, could do no other. The amount collected at the doors was £283 1s. 1d.

The concert given in the Shire Hall this evening did not attract a large audience, for the reason, perhaps, that its programme contained a novelty by an English composer. Theirs was the loss who stayed away, since the music of Collins's *Ode to the Passions*, by Mrs Meadows White (Alice Mary Smith), is very well written, and both true and forcible in its expression. A more inviting theme could hardly have been lighted on than this, which extends over the whole range of feeling, under conditions, however, which remove it in an appreciable degree from that treated by Handel when he set Dryden's "Cecilian Ode." I shall return to the cantata for the sake of its musical significance, but may now indicate its scope and method. The work is introduced by a short orchestral movement, *allegro*, leading without break to a chorus, "When Music, Heavenly Maid," in which the passions of Fear, Anger, and Despair are illustrated after a varied manner with incidental solos and characteristic choral episodes. Hope next gives occasion for a soprano air, "But though of Hope with eyes so fair;" a baritone solo, "And longer had she sung," subsequently expressing Revenge and Pity. Jealousy is treated in a chorus, "Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;" and Melancholy in a trio for female voices, "With eyes upraised, as one inspired." Cheerfulness follows in a chorus, "Oh, how altered its sprightlier tone;" after which comes Joy in a tenor solo, "Last came Joy's ecstatic trial." Love and Mirth follow in a duet, "Love framed with Mirth," for soprano and tenor, and then we reach the *finale*, "Oh, Music, sphere-descended maid." From this mere outline of the form of the work it must be obvious that Mrs Meadows White set herself no easy task. Regarding its discharge, she has no reason whatever to be ashamed. The music may not claim the homage due to originality. The fact, perhaps, is all in its favour, seeing what form originality generally takes. But, however this may be, each number is interesting, by reason of artistic treatment, and a very marked approach towards the expression demanded. On this matter something must be left for future discussion. Enough now that the new work made a lively effect, was well received, and so much applauded at its close that the composer had to acknowledge the compliment from the orchestra. Beethoven's overture to *Egmont* and a number of miscellaneous selections, including the prelude to *Les deux Journées*, made up the remainder of the programme.

Wednesday.

It may be that Dr. Hans von Bülow scorns the character of a representative man, and it is, perhaps, fortunate that on some matters few people agree with him. Still there is a possibility that he expresses more than his own opinion when pouring contempt upon the claims of woman to have even a capacity for musical eminence. The better part of humanity cannot be denied distinction in executive branches of the art, nor will the doctor's diatribes make anybody think less of his favourite aversion—the "petticoat pianist." It is true, however, that the whole power of feminine ambition has



not produced an eminent composer. The reason for this would be an interesting, and, no doubt, difficult enquiry, but my present business is rather to prove the rule by an exception than to investigate causes. An exception to the rule of woman's non-productivity in the higher labours of musical art is undoubtedly supplied by Mrs Meadows White's *Ode to the Passions*, which I briefly noticed yesterday. The work, however, has about it nothing that can be called distinctly feminine, and, therefore, is not "epoch-making." For distinctively feminine music of a high order we have still to wait, with plenty of time to speculate upon the character it will bear and the influence it will wield when, if ever, it comes. Doing this we can easily imagine the opening up of a new world by the female composer who, with all the fine instincts and acute sensibility of her sex, writes music as a woman, and not as a more or less feeble imitator of men. Mrs Meadows White may accomplish the feat and immortalize her name; but her *Ode to the Passions* is simply a striking reproduction of masculine art. The woman does not appear in it. Firmness, vigour, and strength mark the treatment of conceptions which are massive rather than graceful and elegant. This arises, no doubt, from the character of a subject that demands the muscular grip of a Handel, who, by the way, illustrated it—we all know how—in his *Alexander's Feast*. The degree of Mrs White's success in meeting the requirements of a theme so virile is decidedly surprising. She shrinks from none of its varied aspects, and in no case can it be said that she is beaten by them to the point of utter failure. The interested inquirer will naturally test this by reference to her treatment of the stronger passions, only to find that the composer is here most satisfactory. Mrs White's setting of the lines "First, Fear, his hand its skill to try," produces quite a Handelian effect with its vigorous counterpoint and massive *ensemble* passages. A tenor solo, "Anger rushed, his eyes on fire," is scarcely less forcible in propriety and suggestiveness, while the broadly harmonized phrases descriptive of "Woe Despair" give another proof that the composer has well studied the great Saxon master. Admirable, too, is the bass solo contrasting Revenge and Pity. The Revenge portion of this number employs only simple means, but they are used with a directness of purpose and a fulness of effect which many a masculine composer might envy and wisely imitate. Taking the foregoing examples, together with the final chorus, "O Music, sphere-descended maid," there is no difficulty in perceiving that Mrs Meadows White did not over-estimate her ability to deal with exacting subjects. In treating the gentler emotions she is often happy, especially so in the chorus entitled "Cheerfulness"—a capital number, full of healthy life and marked by a bright open-air effect entirely appropriate. Mention should also be made of a trio for female voices, with chorus, illustrative of Melancholy. Passages in this are noteworthy for excellent part-writing, while the *ensemble*, though unpretending, is quite effective. From what has been said, an inference that the spirit of Handel pervades the work assuredly suggests itself. It does so with justice, but the Handelianism of Mrs White's music is not due to imitation. It arises in part, perhaps, from an unconscious recognition of the great Saxon's dealing with a similar theme, and, in other part, from a conscious necessity of illustrating the theme in that broad and simple, yet graphic style of which Handel was so consummate a master. In so far as the work combines therewith the graces of modern art, it is only another proof that the principles regulating classic music are capable of adaptation to the conditions imposed by constantly augmenting resources and always developing taste. To sum up, I welcome Mrs Meadows White's *Ode to the Passions* as the production of undeniable talent, and a worthy addition to the musical things which, being English, give Englishmen cause for pride. The performance, if by no means perfect, was fairly good, much of its merit arising from the efficient singing of Miss Anna Williams and Mr King—excellent artists both, and always to be trusted. Miss Marian Fenna, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Mr F. Boyle were likewise contributory to the success of the work, as were, in a special sense, the admirable chorists now engaged here.

Said a gentleman engaged in the management of the Festival to me yesterday: "The *Messiah* and *Elijah* take care of our first and

fourth days. It is the second and third which give us anxiety." Circumstances, I am glad to state, have favoured the second day. There was again a bright and beautiful morning, just such as might tempt the country-side into a state of sympathy with a festival of any kind. And there was a programme made up of things old and new in almost embarrassing quantity, so that amateurs who did not greatly care for Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* could delight themselves with Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, or, mayhap, Goetz's setting of Psalm cxxxvii., or, if of archaic tastes, Bach's *Magnificat*. Never, I should say, was a selection more eclectic, and never did managers make a wider throw of the Festival net in eager desire to catch all sorts of fish. The result was not one of overwhelming satisfaction, inasmuch as the audience—or congregation, if the term be thought more suitable—fell short of the number reached on the previous day, when Mendelssohn's masterpiece was given. This, however, had been anticipated, and no feeling of disappointment supervened. The Bishop of Hereford and the clergy of the Cathedral were again present to conduct the devotional part of the proceedings, after which *Judas Maccabæus*, or, rather a copious selection from that warlike oratorio, commanded such unremitting attention as Handel always claims when at his best. Comment upon music so familiar would be entirely superfluous, and it is not requisite to notice the performance in much more than general terms. This will fully appear when I state that the principal airs were sung by Mme Albani, Mme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley, with whom were associated in a less important capacity, Miss Marian Fenna, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr Fredericks, and Mr F. King. How well these artists are able to answer for their share in any work of Handel's is as fully understood as the capacity of an English Festival band and chorus to do the illustrious master all needful justice.

Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, which opened the second part, was heard with lively interest by many, and with keen curiosity by some who may have been struck with the novelty of such music in such a place. The great composer's No. 5 (C minor) appeared in the Hereford programme, years ago, thanks to the initiative taken by the late Mr Townshend Smith, of whom I may fitly say here and now, that "being dead he yet speaketh." But the "C minor" is more distinctly fitted for religious associations than the rest of the nine, owing to its sustained dignity and impressiveness. I recognize, therefore, in the choice of its immediate predecessor a further step towards full recognition of the truth that a great example of abstract music should not be deemed unsuited to the most solemn of uses because, in play of fancy and mode of expression, it has what are termed "secular" characteristics. There is really much difficulty in determining, with reference to a serious symphonic work, what is sacred and what is secular; but here the general rule may serve which lays down that no music can be unfitted for church use when it elevates the mind and leads to an appreciation of the exalted in an art closely connected with religion as its handmaid and helper. No one, I venture to say, was the worse for hearing Beethoven's often playful Symphony in the Cathedral this morning, or, under the influence of the beautiful work and its appropriate surroundings, was made uncomfortable by a sense of the incongruous. Absence of objection will naturally confirm the Festival managers in their present course, and lead, perhaps, to the fullest admission that nothing inspired by Him from whom come all great gifts can be "common or unclean." The performance of the Symphony, conducted as it was by a musician not familiar with the task, left somewhat to desire. But it was good enough for the enjoyment of those who new the work well, and for a lively impression upon those to whom it was a less intimate acquaintance. Goetz's Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon," followed, and went, it is to be feared, over the heads of many present who for the first time were challenged by the lamented composer's severely subjective style, and unflinching adherence to the principle which requires that a musical poet shall speak to his theme and nothing else. We who know this dead master as he deserves to be known cannot feel admiration enough for the force of his thoughts and the propriety of their expression, but such sympathy is not aroused all at once. It grows as familiarity increases, and as the composer's distinctive idiom frees itself from a sensation of strangeness. Nevertheless, even at this, the first appearance of Goetz before a Western festival public, a perception of the fact that he had something to say and the right to say it could not be avoided. It came, if not with the severely contrapuntal opening chorus, with the impressive scene wherein the people of Israel ask, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a land of strangers?" with the beautiful air and chorus, "If I think not on thee, O Jerusalem," and—most of all, perhaps—with the passionate entreaty, "Lord, remember the children of Edom." All these pleaded powerfully for the composer and his work, which in its entirety did such honour to the Festival programme as only a masterpiece can render.

Goetz's music, never easy, is in this case of more than usual difficulty, and the audience were now and then reminded of the fact as the performance went on. There was, however, not much of a serious nature to occasion complaint. The solos were given with correctness and just expression by Miss Anna Williams, while the concerted pieces, if not rendered with entirely adequate effect, owing to the unfamiliar character of the music, enabled both band and chorus to display the exceptional qualities which have overcome yet more serious obstacles in the course of the week. The psalm finished, all concerned would gladly have taken a rest, but the enormous programme was not exhausted. Bach's *Magnificat* remained to be encountered by flagging energies and diminished force, albeit the work makes demands of a very serious character on both. Rising to the occasion, Mr Colborne's admirable chorists did justice to themselves and their theme, while the solos have rarely, I imagine, enjoyed the services of better artists, Miss Williams, Mdm Patey, Mr Boyle, and Mr Santley—to say nothing of Miss Hilda Wilson and Mr Fredericks—being all engaged upon them. If the *Magnificat* made less than its usual effect under these conditions, the result was due to the fatigue of performers and audience. It is clearly a mistake to draw up such long programmes. They defeat their own object, and produce lassitude where the design is to excite conscious interest and pleasure. In music as in most other things "enough is as good as a feast." The number of persons present in the Cathedral was 1,154, being one less than the average of the years 1870, 1873, and 1876, but 451 more than the attendance on the corresponding morning in 1879. The collection amounted to £100 14s. 1d. Mendelssohn's *St Paul* was performed in the cathedral this evening, Hereford continuing the example she first set of devoting to oratorios a part at least of the time once wholly given to secular music. The innovation was well received when made, but its novelty has worn off, and there is no longer a marked desire to enjoy the peculiar effect produced by noble sacred strains under the impressive conditions of a night service. Though the attendance this evening was somewhat scanty, on the other hand the performance was in many respects admirable. Mendelssohn's noble work, which not a few connoisseurs regard at least the equal of *Elijah*, seemed to enlist the sympathies of all its exponents and to make a profound impression upon all its hearers. In this there is nothing wonderful. From beginning to end the music of *St Paul* flies high with steady wing. It belongs in an eminent degree to sacred classics, and is as spiritual as its theme, in the sense that nothing low and unworthy enters into it. The rightful place of the work therefore is where the Hereford public found it to-night, and nowhere else does it seem so much at home. Among the great successes of the performance was the delivery by Miss Anna Williams of "Jerusalem, thou that killest;" by Mdm Patey of "But the Lord is mindful;" and by Mr Santley of "Oh God, have mercy," which our eminent baritone sang with remarkable fervour. The tenor airs were entrusted to Mr Boyle, whose style, however, is scarcely that of oratorio. It cannot be needful to add that the numerous chorales and choruses derived all possible advantage from the happy fact of their familiarity.—D. T.

## A REMINDER.

Festival-giving is expensive work, and there is no difference in that respect between the meetings in the quiet Western Cathedral cities and elsewhere. But Hereford, appealing to a narrower—a more local—interest than Birmingham or Bristol, can afford to dispense with those special attractions which are a *sine quâ non* in the hardware capital. In a word, Hereford can do without novelties, so long as the patrons of the Festival get the worth of their money in the works of great masters, interpreted by brilliant executants.

## MOLIQUE'S "ABRAHAM."

I cannot but think, however, that a very back-handed compliment is paid to the memory of Molique by the substitution of a selection from his *Abraham* for the entire work. People are apt to forget successes even when they are scored by really clever musicians at important provincial Festivals, and there are probably only a retentive few who remember that when *Abraham* was brought out at Norwich in 1860—the year of Benedict's *Undine*—it was hailed by intelligent critics as the greatest oratorio which had been heard since *Elijah*. Yet it apparently dropped out of notice as soon as the world of music had ceased to talk about its first performance, until it occurred to the Hereford organist and conductor, Mr Langdon Colborne, to rescue it from its undeserved neglect. One would think, however, that if it were worth doing at all it were worth doing completely, and not in shreds.

## "ODE TO THE PASSIONS."

The principal feature of the Evening Concert in the Shire Hall was Mrs Meadows White's *Ode to the Passions*, which stands forth,

in fact, as the sole novelty of the Festival, the only work which the meeting has called into existence. Mrs White, who is better known to the musical world under her maiden name of Alice Mary Smith, is an English musician who is content to follow the English school as designed and perfected by Handel, rather than cast in her lot with the German, whose distaste for melody is traceable to their incapacity to invent it, and whose dislike of form is attributable to their deficiency in the sense of proportion and symmetry. Mrs White's work is honest, straightforward, and legitimate in every acceptance of the term; she aims at producing no sensational effects, but achieves that which is infinitely better—a work which will grow upon the auditor and student alike as a pleasing and highly-finished art-product. William Collins, the author of *The Passions*, was one of the eighteenth century poets of the highest promise, but this promise hardly ripened into fulfilment. His *Ode to the Passions*, however, was in his day esteemed the finest—or one of the finest—odes in the language, was a great favourite with Garrick as a recitation, and was set to music in 1774 by Dr Benjamin Cooke, of Westminster Abbey. The present musical illustration is comprised in ten numbers, the score including parts of two sopranos, contralto, tenor, and bass, soli, with chorus and full orchestra. A short introduction leads to the second number. "Fear, Anger, Despair," appertained for tenor solo with chorus—a charmingly simple, yet tuneful movement, "When Music, Heavenly Maid, was young," for chorus, ushering in the more dramatic points. "First Fear, his hand its skill to try," is treated in fugal fashion, the tenor soloist entering at the description of Anger, and the chorus re-entering with a sustained, dolorous theme when Despair is mentioned. Mrs White's handling of this episode is not wholly free from the influence of Handel, but her writing is graphic and suggestive. A long and spirited coda in the tonic minor of the initial signature (F), brightly coloured in the orchestra, and introducing the cymbals with no sparing hand, brings this ingenious and skilfully wrought number to a close. The pleasures of "Hope" are described in a soprano air (No 3) cast in a somewhat conventional mould, and partaking of a pastoral character; "Revenge and Pity" is allotted to the bass soloist (No. 4); and this is followed by a chorus, "Jealousy," which for sustained power and interest may compare favourably with the rest of the Ode. It is rather cruel of the composer to write the soprano part up to B flat, and not many choirs could be counted upon to reach it clearly; fortunately, however, implicit reliance could be placed in this year's Festival Chorus. "Melancholy" (No. 6) is set as a trio for two sopranos and alto, with chorus; "Cheerfulness" (No. 7) is arranged as a chorus—some clever points of imitation occurring here in the vocal part-writing; while the "hunting music" is capably devised and carried out; the tenor deals with the theme of "Joy" (No. 8) in a brisk and characteristic air, after which "Love" and "Mirth" occur as a duet for tenor and soprano (No. 9), the whole concluding with a chorus addressed to "Music."

From first to last the *Ode to the Passions* is replete with interest, and although the work does not soar to dizzy heights, it is unquestionably an excellent specimen of unobtrusive legitimate workmanship. The performance was really good, but it has been the misfortune of few composers to have a new work of importance placed for the first time before such a dolorous, apathetic audience, as that which did not nearly fill the Shire hall to-night. A heavy melancholy seemed to have settled on all present, and from this they could not emerge sufficiently to applaud the new cantata according to its deserts. True, one or two numbers were received with some faint indications of approval, and at the close sufficient enthusiasm was summoned up to call Mrs Meadows White to the platform, but the gathering was the reverse of joyous. I shall therefore content myself with recording my own opinion of the artistic value of the *Ode to the Passions*, which I am inclined to rate very highly indeed, and with expressing the hope that the clever composer may speedily find the opportunity to bring her latest effort before the notice of an appreciative audience. The solo parts were filled with taste and judgment by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Marian Fenna, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr Frank Boyle, and Mr F. King. Mr Langdon Colborne conducted.—Standard, Sept. 14.

BARCELONA.—An operatic company, among whom a young lady named Rosa Caligaris especially distinguished herself, have been giving a series of performances at the Buen Retiro. They opened with *Ernani*. A new zarzuela, *Amor y Gloria*, music by Señor Nieto, has not been very successful at the Teatro Español.

KLAGENFURTH.—For a considerable time Mlle Tini, the daughter of an innkeeper here, has created a great sensation among the concert-goers of the town by her splendid contralto. Herr Felix Mottl happened to hear it and, though she has never been on the stage, immediately engaged her for the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe, where he is conductor.

## A LIVERPUDLIAN VIEW OF THE "NIBELUNGEN."

*(Rough Notes from an Amateur's Diary.)*

To write fitly about Wagner's "advanced" musical dramas is a difficult task. Were everything done to perfection, the scenery and effects well managed, the dresses out of the commonplace, the orchestra well balanced, and the ideal performance attained, I don't think such "new departure" could give anything like the same amount of pleasure to the "general," or even the "particular," that the much-abused old opera, however hackneyed, has given and still gives. Of course, there are enthusiasts who find no tedium in four hours of uninterrupted "accompanied recitative," who take declamatory howls and shrieks for singing, who consider the incoherent and almost incomprehensible dialogue as dramatic. No doubt in art, almost more than in any sphere, there will always be people of peculiar tastes, whose dicta affect a small circle of "sheep" who can't think for themselves; but that such will ever obtain a wide popularity, to say nothing of prolonged life, for these uncompromising musical mysteries is very doubtful. It is possible that in Germany, where time is not of so much commercial and social importance as with us, there may be a public that will go four nights running to listen to something queer that each night is spun into four or five hours; but that in England there will be much repetition of the *Nibelungen Trilogy* I take to be very improbable. The story, or series of stories, has no very special interest for anyone out of Germany or hunters-up of old myths: few people I imagine are greatly concerned about the doings of these clumsy and unheroic "gods;" and for myself, I frankly confess it to be a work of considerable trouble to arrange the whole into an intelligible story, and even then, it is not one that gains upon my sympathies. All the *dramatis personæ*, from "gods to little fishes," act from mere animal impulse, and there is no real "noble emotion" in any, with, perhaps, the exception of Brinnhilde, and even she shows but scant intelligence in anything she does. To add to the confusion, the English version is presented in such an un-English and inverted style, with words used in quite a different sense from their ordinary meaning, that the following of the libretto becomes a task, and almost repellant at every sentence. I open the book at random, and find the following words:—"Fold me, you maidens, in fathomless fence!"—and again, in the next page (151)—"*The shape of a worm wears he for shelter, and in a hole has heed of Alberich's hoop!*" Of course, by taking thought, the meaning of the writer is discovered, but it is like the reading of a riddle, and not conducive to an easy following of the music or the understanding of the *Leitmotive*. For the success of Wagner's intentions, the meaning of the words could not be too obvious. Yet, at any rate in the English version, the text has been rendered vexatiously and needlessly obscure. Then, for the due presentment of the difficult situations and effects, and where the most elaborately contrived scenery would be severely taxed to give adequate expression to the poetical conceptions of the composer, the scenery at Her Majesty's was of the most ordinary kind; in fact, it did not approach anything usually witnessed in our pantomimes, and if it be indeed the very scenery provided for the spectacle at Bayreuth, it was to me a surprise and a disappointment. The only novelty that could be considered to be of any value was the steam effect as representing clouds, from behind which the "gods" made supernatural appearances and disappearances; but these were hardly more *vraisemblable* than the old gauze mediums; and the steam, of course, followed laws of its nature, and did not cover in all cases what it was intended to conceal; its appearance, moreover, was attended by a very harsh, hissing noise, that was very unideal. The dresses and appointments I thought poor and garish; indeed, remembering what I have seen in Germany for ordinary operas and pieces, they must be pronounced inferior, and certainly not deserving of the extraordinary praise some critics have bestowed upon them. After this preamble only can I enter on a consideration of these musical dramas, and first as to the prologue. On entering the theatre, my attention was at once drawn to a very ugly drop-curtain, of dingy colours and stripes, with a heavy and inartistic border, which replaced the ordinary far prettier drop-scene. It certainly did not awaken expectation, and I was not at all sorry when it divided and revealed something that looked like a large aquarium. The idea of water was well conveyed, and when the mists dispersed and the water-nymphs floated into view, I was reminded of something I had seen in pantomimes of yore, and of a well-remembered *tableau* in *Babil and Bijou*, which, however, was much better. The gliding of the nymphs through the waters was very well managed, and if they had had anything melodious to sing the effect might have been pleasing; but the snatches of melody, such as they are, were confined to the orchestra, and the sirens had merely a series of ejaculations and nonsense verses of which the import may be gathered from the author's lingo—"Wia! Waga! Waga, du Welle, walle zur Wiege, Wagalancia!" which is not

German, as ignorant Englishers might imagine it, but a tongue akin to that spoken by Dean Swift's Houynhims, and only to be understood by the true Wagnerite. The music of this scene may be allowed to be truly descriptive of the language, and just as intelligible. It is supposed to illustrate a flirtation between Alberich, a wicked gnome, and the flighty Rhine daughters, which ends in the stealing of the Rhinegold from the careless guardianship of the nymphs. This constitutes the first part of the prologue, which, meagre enough in incident, is spun out to inordinate length; to extreme vagueness must be added incessant changes of key; tonality is flung to the winds, and though the hearer may not be absolutely repelled by what he is hearing, it is utterly impossible that he can carry away any more definite idea of the music than he would after listening to the night-winds. However, we are told by the guide-book provided, that throughout the action are to be heard numerous descriptive musical phrases (*Leitmotive*) illustrative of the subject. Thus we have "the Rhine daughters' motive"—the "motive of bondage," also "the motive of menace," of "flight of the Rhinegold," and others too numerous to mention. These phrases may be described generally as about two bars long—sometimes, but not often, running to four—and do not seem to me as distinctive as they should be, considering the part they have to play and the importance attached to them by the composer, as on the right appreciation of them, no less than their right employment, hangs the success of the composer's theories, and partly of his claims as an original thinker. They are generally constructed on the intervals of the common chord, and their difference is more a matter of rhythm than of fresh musical idea. This renders them a difficult matter to follow through a long work, and as a matter of fact they are only discoverable by previous study, and to unskilled musicians must pass almost, if not altogether, unnoted. To the uninitiated this may matter little—it is only more or less noise—but to those who would appreciate the composer's work and desire to understand him, these *Leitmotive* are an unmitigated nuisance, a weariness of the flesh, and the following of them is productive of headache and suggestive of insanity. To show how they are used and what the following of them means, I will try to describe their mode of employment, without pledging myself to strict accuracy in the cases cited. When the Rhine maidens first make their appearance, one of these short phrases is given out in the orchestra, obviously enough to those who have studied the score previously, but hardly likely to be noted by those who have not; after this, throughout the entire work of prologue and three acts, whenever an allusion to the Rhine maidens occurs, this phrase makes its appearance in the orchestra, and the hearer, for the due appreciation of the work and his concomitant delight, is expected to take note of the same, whilst he is supposed to be following the action of the drama. This would be troublesome enough were there only one *Leitmotive*, but, as instanced above, there are dozens of them, and the impossibility of the attempt, save to the composer himself or those who have devoted themselves to learning the work by heart, will be obvious enough. And, after all, this system of self-quotation is by no means original, nor at all invented by Wagner; most composers have used it from the days of Mozart to those of Mendelssohn. Weber is full of *Leitmotive*, and Meyerbeer used to be taunted with ticketing his characters by the same device, in the days when music was of more importance than contrivance, however ingenious or elaborate. After the theft of the Rhinegold by Alberich, amidst the howling execrations of the water nymphs, sudden darkness comes over the scene, steam spouts up in all directions, and when it disperses, and the lights are turned on, we are in presence of Wotan, father of the gods, and his wife, Fricka. She is a kind of wet blanket and occasional blister to the All-father, who is indeed potent in nothing but ill to others, himself included. He is moreover, a lying, slippery kind of potentate, who, after out-manœuvring Alberich for the possession of the Rhinegold, which he does by devices that we remember in the story of *Puss in Boots*, where the ogre is outwitted by the cat, finds himself encumbered with a curse which involves him and his race in destruction. How this can happen to *immortals* is not explained. There is a poor storm in this scene, a very material rainbow, and a very badly painted scene—so far as perspective and aerial effect are concerned—of the abode of the gods, and no music that it is possible to carry away at a first hearing; the whole (being in monologue or dialogue, and never *ensemble*, and containing no *cantilena* whatever) makes the hearing of this "new intellectual delight" one of the most fatiguing trials a poor theatre-goer ever was put to. At the conclusion, my impressions were that I had been present at a very dull pantomime, rather worse constructed than such pieces usually are, with more extravagance and less fun, and that I hoped I should never repeat the dose.

*(To be continued.)*



## PHOSPHOR, HIS DREAM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I must plead guilty to the accusation of having fallen to sleep in church; it is said that I actually snored at Her Majesty's Theatre while the god Wotan was giving one of his most important, certainly his longest, recitals, and I am ashamed to say that in St George's Hall, Liverpool, I committed myself in a similar manner at one of Mr W. T. Best's organ recitals; but on this occasion the day was hot, and I had been on the tramp all morning. But all these little delinquencies are as nothing compared to my somnolence on a recent occasion when I attended a meeting to advance the interests of the Royal College of Music. I had to be violently shaken when the meeting was over, and was only brought to consciousness by the attendant exclaiming in a loud voice, "Please, sir, we are going to turn off the gas." I then started and found that I had had a dream, let me relate it.

"We will go to the Academy of Music where we shall be sure to hear an opera effectively rendered with talented principals, an excellent orchestra and a good chorus.

"But how can the Academy produce so perfect a performance in so small a theatre at so moderate a charge? Do they not pay their company? Certainly not. Every member of this establishment pays to be allowed to sing, even the members of the orchestra—which, as you have heard, is most efficient—are only pupils. I will explain. The Academy of Music was instituted to teach music, and to encourage and introduce musical talent, but it is in a certain sense a self-supporting institution. It possesses a concert-room, and it has also a theatre. When the pupils first enter they subscribe to fixed rules, they bind themselves to support the institution, and remain for a certain number of years as paying pupils. The moment they are sufficiently advanced they commence by singing in the chorus, and as their ability is recognized they raise themselves to take a lead, and at length become soloists. While a pupil is learning, and before he is able to render to the Academy any services, he has to pay full fees; but the moment he can take a part in a public performance these fees are reduced until at length, as principal singers, they receive fixed remuneration. Even the members of the orchestra, as I have said, are only pupils, but their emulation is encouraged by their occasionally playing solos in the concert-room.

"Nevertheless, I can hardly understand how they find time to receive lessons and yet attend rehearsals.

"It is easily explained. The opera house is only open three nights a week and for six months in the year. At the beginning of every term, and at least two months before any public performance, an opera, an oratorio, or both, may be put into rehearsal, and the instruction they receive as private pupils is in the music they are, when sufficiently advanced, to sing in public. The compositions they have to prepare are sometimes original, and thus the attraction is of a twofold nature; for the public hear new singers in new works, and, as plenty of time is given to rehearsing, a respectable performance can generally be secured. Occasionally more advanced professionals are engaged to take principal parts, but these are usually former pupils of the Academy. In most schools of instruction the pupils have very little to promote increased exertion, for however satisfactory their progress they have little opportunity of being heard in public, and less of making a name; but here their steady advancement in public favour must follow their advancement in their art, for the moment a pupil has sufficient experience any genius they may exhibit, or any beauty of voice they may possess, becomes apparent. Indeed, the audiences assembled in a place like this feel that they are trying to bring out latent talent, and while they pay for their amusement they are promoting a good work. Hasty condemnation of a pupil is very unlikely, for in the first instance they are only received as amateurs, but when they do go out into the world they are supposed to be experienced artists. So you now understand that the Academy of Music is a school of instruction, a place of amusement, a theatre, and a concert hall—all in one."

PHOSPHOR.

Herr Alwinn Weisse, well known for his organ concerts, has been appointed clerk and organist of the Orphans' Church, Berlin.

## Serenade.

JACK'S FANCIES.

When far away from thee, sweet Maid,  
Across the deep blue sea,  
Where the Naiads play  
In the sun's bright ray,  
A fairy form I see.  
Come, sweetheart, say, what little fay  
Is sporting mid the silver spray  
That sparkles on our lee.

Or sailing south the line, sweet Maid,  
Where perfumed breezes sigh,  
When the bright stars peep  
Through the azure deep,  
I trace a soft blue eye.  
Ah! do I dream?—its glances seem  
Across the trackless wave to gleam,  
And pale the brilliant sky.

Or when to distant climes, sweet Maid,  
Our craft is drawing near,  
Where the myrtle springs,  
And the bulbul sings,  
A charming voice I hear.  
Dear maiden, pray, from whence that lay  
That's wafted o'er the rippling bay,  
And falls upon mine ear?

That fairy form, that soft blue eye,  
That voice so low and sweet,  
Is a threefold cord  
When the tar's aboard,  
To draw him to thy feet.  
Sweet maiden, mine, that silken line,  
Will tighten o'er the flowing brine,  
Till heart to heart we meet.

WETSTAR.

DESSAU.—The fourth Anhalt Musical Festival takes place here to-day and to-morrow, the 16th and 17th inst. respectively. The principal works set down in the two days' programme are Fr. Schneider's *Weltgericht*; Beethoven's overture: "Zur Weihe des Hauses," and Gade's *Kreuzfahrer*. The chorus, numbering some 350 persons, and the Ducal Orchestra, strengthened for the occasion, are under the direction of Herr Thiele, Ducal *Capellmeister*. Among the solo artists is Herr Grutzmacher of Dresden.

BERLIN.—Mdlme Sachse-Hofmeister has left the Stadttheater, Leipzig, and returned to the Royal Operahouse, to which she formerly belonged. As the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Leonore in *Fidelio*, she met with a most cordial reception. Her husband, a tenor, who, like herself, formerly belonged to the Royal Operahouse, but who some time since resumed his studies, abandoned twelve years previously, at the University of Leipzig, has just taken his degree as Doctor of Philosophy there.—Herr Theodor Wachtel is still drawing large audiences to Kroll's Theater.

ST PETERSBURGH.—The Italian opera company will occupy the Maria Theatre. The season promises to be very interesting. Among the novelties are *Gioconda*, four acts, Ponchielli; *Le Precauzioni*, three-act comic opera, Petrella; *Philémon et Baucis*, Ch. Gounod; and *La Damnation de Faust*, oratorio, Hector Berlioz. Of operas already given here the programme will include, among others, *Carmen*, *L'Étoile du Nord*, *Lohengrin*, *Le Roi de Lahore*, *Mefistofele*, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. The leading artists are—Sopranos: Marcella Sembrich, Maria Durand, Elvira Repetto, A. Franck-Duverney, Victoria Ferni-Germano, E. Colonna, Brambilla Sordelli; Mezzo-Sopranos and Contraltos: Amalia Stahl, Giulia Prardi, L. Corsi; Tenors: Silva, Marconi, Bulterini, Engel, Synio, Corsi, Manfredi; Baritones: Cotogni, Devoyod, Vaselli, Ughetti; Basses: Uetam, Povolieri, Sillich, Scolara, Cernusco; Bass Buffos: Antonio Baldelli and Ciampi.

## MARRIAGE.

On September the 7th, at St Mary's, Woburn, by the Rev. H. W. Southey, M.A., HERBERT EDWARD CUMMINGS, son of W. H. Cummings, Esq., Dulwich, to FANNY ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of W. H. Smith, Esq., of Woburn, Bedfordshire.

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## CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 565.)

## VII.

Once re-installed in Paris and married, Cherubini determined to resume his career, which had been for a moment interrupted by even's. We know that he had written at La Chartreuse the score of a two-act opera, *Elisa, ou Le Mont Saint-Bernard*, the book of which was supplied by Révéroni-Saint-Cyr. He took steps for the performance of the work, which was accepted at the Théâtre Feydeau, and soon put in preparation there. To fill the principal part he had an interpretess of the first class, an admirable and inspired artist, as remarkable for her histrionic ability as for her fine talent as a singer, who for several years was destined to be mixed up and share in his successes. I refer to Mme Scio, whose noble qualities and exceptional talent Cherubini was better qualified to judge than anyone else, when, on making her debut at the Théâtre Feydeau in 1794, she chose for her first appearance the part of Lodoiska, in which, eclipsing her predecessor, she produced an unexpected and profound impression.

Mme Scio was then twenty-four, having been born at Lille in 1770. Endowed with a becoming figure, as well as with a mobile and expressive physiognomy, overflowing with intelligence, her look was full of brilliancy, her tones were full of passion, and her gestures full of breadth and dignity; she was gifted, too, with pathetic power of extraordinary intensity. With these rare qualities she combined a superb voice, sometimes slightly deficient, perhaps, in force, but of a penetrating and warm character, rendered still more vigorous by the outbursts of an ardent soul, communicating to others the fire with which it was itself animated, and able to move the inmost depths of the most impassive hearts. Furthermore, there was in this artist, on whom Nature had been pleased to lavish the most marvellous gifts, a variety of inflections, a histrionic suppleness, which enabled her to undertake all parts and venture on all styles, proving herself in all equal to herself, that is to say, constantly most excellent.

Her maiden name was Claudine-Angélique Legrand, and, though nothing is now known about it, her family is said not to have belonged to the lowest classes of society. Mlle Legrand received a most careful education, in which, however, strange to say, her instructors neglected to cultivate, of all things in the world, her admirable and rare aptitude for music. It has never been known where, when, or in what manner, she made her earliest appearances. But there is one thing certain, namely that, in 1787, she belonged, under a borrowed name, that of Mlle Crécy, to the lyrical company of the theatre at Montpellier, where she successfully filled a leading position, and that, the following year, she went to play at Avignon, with another member of the company, Gaveaux, whom she was destined subsequently to meet again at Feydeau. The manner in which she was received in the above town was so enthusiastic that crowns and copies of verses were thrown on the stage one night that she played Agathe in *L'Ami de la Maison*, and Colette in *Le Devin du Village*. In 1789, she was engaged at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles, and it was then that she exchanged her name of Mlle Crécy for that of Mad. Scio, by marrying Etienne Scio, the conductor at the theatre and a distinguished composer.

Mad. Scio saw her reputation, already firmly established in various provincial towns, grow still larger at Marseilles, where she gave proofs of incontestable superiority. A talented actor,

Boursault-Malherbe, forty years later manager of the Opéra-Comique, was then, in virtue of the system of theatrical liberty established by a recent decree of the Convention, busy founding in Paris the Théâtre Molière, where he was to play drama, comedy, and comic opera. A good judge of artists, he engaged Mad. Scio as a singer and her husband as conductor. The latter wrote for this theatre the music of three works: *La Femme régénérée*, *Le Réveil de Ramailaka*, and *Le Sofa*, the first of which more especially made a hit; but his wife's career suffered somewhat at a theatre where the entertainments consisted mostly of grand gloomy dramas, such as *La Martellière's Robert, chef de brigands*, or political tragedies, like Rousin's *Ligue des fanatiques et des tyrans*. However, in 1792, when Boursault-Malherbe had been elected a member of the Convention, and when his theatre was on its last legs, Viotti engaged Mad. Scio for the Théâtre Feydeau, where she was at length to find a public and characters worthy of her and whither her husband went at the same time to take a secondary post, that of *chef d'attaque* of the second violins, in the orchestra, but this did not prevent his producing two short works, *Lisidore et Monrose* (1792) and *Lysia* (1793).

It was in the character of Lodoiska that Mme Scio made her first appearance on the Feydeau stage, and her talent was a revelation for the public and the artists simultaneously. The reception awarded her was most encouraging. She afterwards appeared in several characters of the current repertory, among them being Vélbina in the *Marquis de Tulipano* and Béline in *La Colonie*. She then created several in new works: Louise in *L'Amour filial*, by Gaveaux: the heroine in *Lisidore et Monrose*, by Scio; Euphémie in *Les Visitandines*, by Devienne, a part in which she was especially remarkable; Mme Dormont in *L'Acare puni*, by Jadin, &c. These parts, however, scarcely enabled her to do more than enable the public to appreciate the range, flexibility, and purity of her voice, but she soon found an opportunity of causing them to admire her double talent as a dramatic singer and an inspired and impassioned actress. She played successively Séraphine in *La Caverne* (Lesueur); Juliette in *Roméo et Juliette* (Steibelt); Léonore in *L'Amour conjugal* (Gaveaux); Médée in the opera of the same name (Cherubini); Palma in *Palma, ou le Voyage en Grèce* (Plantade); Calypso in *Télémaque* (Lesueur); and Constance in *Les deux Journées*, displaying in all these works an amount of passion, spirit, and dramatic power which placed her in the first rank without a second and without a rival.\* The public admired, daily lavishing on her the manifestations of their unalloyed satisfaction, while criticism—as far, at least, as it existed at that epoch—showered on her the most sincere and well-merited praise. We may gain an idea of this great artist by the following eulogium pronounced by a contemporaneous chronicler:

"A very fine voice, an excellent musical method, expression in singing, and no less expression in recitative, great knowledge of the stage, and, in a word, thorough intelligence, such are the qualities which strike us as characterizing this artist, and which place her incontestably in the first rank. We should be much pleased could we unrestrictedly award her such well-merited praise, but we have promised to be impartial and will keep our word. Mme Scio strikes us, then, as laying herself open to a slight reproach for a certain kind of ambition which causes her to accept parts beyond her strength. Calypso and Médée, for instance, demand a more robust nature than hers and a voice if not of greater compass and brilliancy (which is an impossibility), at any rate, more capable of resisting fatigue; we are the more justified in deploring her blindness in this respect because it is more prejudicial to her health than her glory. We fear that this interesting lady's superhuman efforts will shorten a life dear to all the lovers of art without adding a single gem to her crown."†

We must allow that admiration has rarely been expressed with greater delicacy. Another writer said of Mme Scio that:

\* Among the works in which the leading character was created by Mme Scio, and to which she contributed the aid of her incomparable talent, we must mention, also, *Joanna*, *Uthal*, *Helena*, *Méhul*; *Michel-Ange*, *Nicolo*; *La Leçon ou la Tasse de glace*, *L'homme*, *ou la Tour de Neustadt*, *La Jeune Prude*, *Dalayrac*; *La Famille Suisse*, *Les Méprises espagnoles*, *Boieldieu*; *Owinski*, *Le Petit Matelot*, *La Famille indigente*, *Gaveaux*; *La Bonne Sœur*, *Claudine*, *ou le petit commissionnaire*, *Bruni*; *Le Sigisbé ou le Fat puni*, *Louis Piccini*; *L'Incertitude maternelle*, *Solif*, and some others, doubtless, which I have forgotten.

† *La nouvelle Lorgnette des spectacles* (by Fabien Pillet).



"We find few women like this celebrated singer, and, if France lost her, it would be difficult to find anyone to supply her place! We will not be severe upon her delivery, for her talents absolutely wipe out the small defects she may possess. What picture is there without its shadow?" †

And another some years later observed:

"Had not the fashion of devices fallen into desuetude, a setting sun might be that of this great singer. She had great successes and a very extensive reputation; her voice was admirable, of rare power and purity; all these advantages are growing weak and her nearly habitual bad health must have rendered their deterioration more rapid than it otherwise would have been. But we shall always recollect that she deserves the highest praise, and that when Steibelt, surrounded by the most famous female vocalists of the Italian company, was rehearsing his *Camille* in London, he exclaimed: 'Where is Madame Scio?' There is something, however, she will not lose, and that is histrionic talent, which she possesses in a remarkable degree and which will prolong her theatrical existence. It has been remarked that she was better in man's attire than in that of her own sex; consequently she was always very successful in male characters, notably in Dupaty's *Jeanne Prude*, where she passed from one sex to the other with prodigious rapidity and facility." §

At the epoch these lines were written, Mdme Scio was but the shadow of her former self, and the murderous demands to which composers, eager to employ her talent, condemned her, had, while destroying her voice, borne the fruit that might have been expected. The reader sees, however, what enthusiasm her rare histrionic talent still excited. But, when Cherubini had her as the interpreter of his finest works, she was in all the splendour of her youth and beauty, in full possession of her voice and all her powers, and a composer who had such an artist to transmit his inspirations to the public was unusually fortunate. ||

Such a piece of good fortune fell to Cherubini's lot, and Mdme Scio was the principal interpreter of the second work he was about to give at the Théâtre Feydeau. It was a lucky chance for him, as the book was signally weak, and we may doubt whether his score, which, though admirable assuredly in certain parts, was somewhat severe, and here and there too long, would, without the aid of so powerful a representative, have sufficed to ensure success. The success was brilliant, if not prolonged, the public acclaiming the composer and the singer. It was on the 13th December, 1794, that *Elisa on le Mont Saint-Bernard* ("le Mont Bernard," as was said in those days, "Saints" being banished from every-day language), was first performed at the Théâtre Feydeau, and the *Journal de Paris* gave an account of it in these terms:

"This piece, the music of which is by Citizen Cherubini, the justly celebrated composer, achieved a great success, the managers of the theatre having omitted nothing that could invest the performance with all the magnificence of which it was susceptible.

"From her tenderest infancy, Elisa has loved Florinde, and, becoming free by her father's death, has left her native land to find her lover of whom she has not heard for a long time. The scene is laid at Mont Saint-Bernard, at the foot of the glaciers of the same name. Just as Elisa has arrived, Florinde, ignorant of her leaving home, receives a letter in which a friend, who has been badly informed, tells him his mistress is false and about to marry another. In despair at this intelligence, Florinde seeks death among the

precipices; a storm formed on the crest of the mountain facilitates the execution of his project and the unhappy lover is carried by an avalanche to the bottom of a crevasse, where death seems inevitable, but the inhabitants of the mountain, brought to the spot by his cries, succeed in saving him. On being restored to life, he finds Elisa, still faithful, and is united to her by a happy marriage. Such is the substance of the piece in which probability is frequently sacrificed to the desire of producing effects by extraordinary situations. Several scenes are interesting, but others contain portions which are too long, and which the author may easily cut. The scenery is most effective; the avalanche is represented with striking truthfulness. None of our theatres have, up to now, given us so striking a picture of the great phenomena of nature." ¶

As we see, the journalist restricts himself to recording the success, giving an analysis of the plot, and praising the scenery; but in all this there is no reference made either to the music or the singers. This often happened at that period, when, as I have remarked, real criticism of the stage and music did not yet exist. We must, however, state that the papers had not then much leisure to busy themselves with artistic questions; their columns were filled with reports of the revolutionary tribunal, and of the trial of Carrier, the execrable author of the "noyades" at Nantes, so that there was frequently no room for the most interesting subjects. It was thus that *Le Moniteur universel* could not manage to say even a single word about the production of *Elisa*, while *Le Journal de Paris*, generally so exact in theatrical matters and, as a rule, publishing its notices the day after the performance, kept its readers on the present occasion waiting a whole week for one.

(To be continued.)

#### PROVINCIAL.

EASTBOURNE.—Mr Julian Adams gave his annual concert in the Floral Hall, Devonshire Park, with Miss Alice Roselli and Mdme Antoinette Sterling as singers. The excellent orchestra, under Mr Julian Adams's direction, played Gounod's "Nuptial March," Wagner's overtures to *Rienzi* and *Tannhäuser*, Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," and other favourite pieces. Solos on the cornet and violin were respectively played by Mr W. Short and Mr J. Daly. Mdme Antoinette Sterling delighted all by her singing of Weber's aria from *Abu Hassan*, "O Fatima," and Miss Roselli, who made her first appearance here on the occasion, gave Pissuti's new song, "Heaven and Earth," so much to the satisfaction of the audience that they would willingly have heard it again. The electric light, in violet-coloured glass shades, illumined the hall in which nearly 1,500 persons were assembled.

#### Elencbus.

At the end of an article on railway statistics, in the *Birmingham Daily Post* of the 13th instant, we stumbled over the subjoined:—

"There seems to be no halting-place for the imagination till we find the whole race of man perpetually borne in railway trains with restless violence around the pendant world."

The above may fistulate for itself.

KOMOTAU.—Herr Otto Herold, a bell-founder, who died a short time since, had more than a royal funeral peal. Upwards of a hundred bells, in Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Lower Austria, and Hungary, all cast by him, were, in virtue of a special stipulation with the various parish authorities who had purchased them, tolled on the day he was buried.

DRESDEN.—The eleventh report of the Royal Conservatory of Music has been issued. It contains the returns for the twenty-sixth scholastic year of the institution, a period extending from the 1st September, 1881, to the 15th July, 1882. The total number of students was 646.

LISBON.—The Teatro San Carlo will open on the 1st October with *Aida*, principal characters by Mdle Pasqua, Signori Barbacini, Aldighieri and Navarrini. This will be followed by *Faust*, with Vanda Miller, Leoni, Signori Signoretti, Sivori, de Reszké, and Lucia, with Mdle Lodi, Signori Signoretti, and Sivori. The first novelty will be *Lohengrin*, with Mesdles de Reszké, Pasqua, Signori Barbacini, and Aldighieri. At the end of October, Gayarre will appear in *Puritani*.

¶ *Journal de Paris*, 10th December, 1794.

† *Critique des acteurs et des actrices des différents théâtres de Paris*, 1797.

§ *L'Opinion du parterre* (by Lemazurier), Year XIII.

|| I will here quote a few interesting lines borrowed from a biographer of hers: "Mdme Scio was scarcely a musician at all, but no one could perceive it, so delicate an ear did she possess, so sure was she of the time, and so true was her voice. Despite her success in short, florid airs with roulades, she gave up these insignificant pieces, restricting herself to the noble and sentimental style. . . . Her exertions, but more especially her irregular life, ruined her health. Passionately fond of her art, she was sometimes compelled by a sudden hemorrhage to go off at the wing, displaying, when she came on again, less alarm than the witnesses of the incident. Fault was always found with the over-emphasis of her declamation, which might have appeared offensive, had not her gestures been the true expression of nature. . . . Having become a widow in 1796, she married on the 18th July, 1822, a clerk in the Treasury, and, combining the names of her two husbands, called herself Scio-Messie. But, having been divorced, on the 18th September, 1866, from her second husband, Antoine-Louis Messie, and not Messier, she resumed the name of the first. Pulmonary consumption, brought on by her excesses, terminated her life on the 14th July, 1867, at the age of 57." (Article signed: Audifret in the *Biographie Michaud*.)

## FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 566.)

Following Florestan's solo is the melodrama, or spoken dialogue of Leonora and Rocco with orchestral accompaniment, when they come into the dungeon to prepare the grave in the old well. Their words are to some extent prosaic, but the music suggests the poetry that is hidden under them. They speak of shivering with the cold of the vault and of difficulty in finding the entrance, but the music tells us of the fear that is at Leonora's heart lest she should find her husband in cruel sufferings and not be able to save him. When Rocco points out the motionless Florestan (for he has fallen exhausted after his excitement) and says coldly, "Perhaps he is dead," they bring the lantern and stand over him for a few moments, and find that he is not dead but sleeping. Then the hautboy, with its swaying arpeggios over the sustaining stringed instruments, recalls the feeling of the last solo with its twofold interest.

Ex. 209.

*Poco adagio.*

(Spoken.) No, no, he is sleeping.

We cannot but feel that the music here speaks the mind of the sleeping man. Surely that light quivering on his eyelids makes him dream that Leonora is near, though he knows not that she is there trying in vain to distinguish his features in that failing light in the gloom. When Rocco speaks in a matter-of-fact way of their business, the music brings a reminiscence of the movement in E flat of the duet when Leonora showed such anxiety to help Rocco in this task.

Ex. 210.

*Andante con moto.*

When Rocco asks whether she is afraid that she trembles so, and she answers with the plea of cold, the music shows the fear in her heart (a), and the resolution with which she shakes it off (b) and bravely begins to work.

Ex. 211.

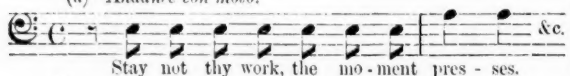


You tremble, are you afraid? Oh no! I only feel chill.

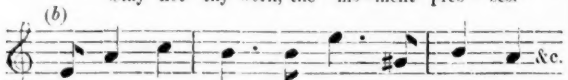
All this music is in fantasia form, changeable throughout.

With the settling down to work the music also becomes settled into form. The words are still dialogue: sometimes long, sometimes short sentences, joined by the accompaniment. Throughout, the main thought is of the work of preparation, and to it they constantly recur, and, in the following, (a) is the expression of Rocco's, (b) of Leonora's, words.

Ex. 212.

(a) *Andante con moto.*

Stay not thy work, the mo-moment pres-ses.



With all the strength my arm pos-sess-es.

These, amplified, constitute the principal subject of the rondo. The first episode, in C, is the moving of the stone, after which the principal subject (Ex. 212) returns with some alterations. The

second episode has two ideas—the one being Leonora's resolve to aid the prisoner, whoever he be; the other Rocco's complaint of Leonora's idleness. The final return of the principal key is in the form of a coda, with a recomposition of some of the first ideas.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

## KING'S CONCERT ROOMS,

Hanover Square.

## PROGRAMME

OF

## MR SALAMAN'S SECOND CONCERT,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 16, 1834.

MR SALAMAN is requested by Madame STOCKHAUSEN to beg the kind indulgence of his Patrons and Friends, as she is suffering from indisposition.

## PART I.

- Grand Sinfonia in E flat ..... *Spohr.*  
 Duetto, Signor RUBINI and Signor TAMBURINI,  
 "Parlar Spiegar" ..... (*Pietro l'Eremita*) ..... *Rossini.*  
 Scena ed Aria (first time of performance), Madame STOCK-  
 HAUSEN, "Sol può dir che sia contento" ..... *F. E. Fesca.*  
 Grand Concerto in C minor, Pianoforte, Mr SALAMAN. *Beethoven.*  
 Cavatina, Mlle GIULIETTA GRISI, "Come innocente" ..... *Donizetti.*  
 (*Anna Bolena*) .....  
 (Her first appearance at any concert in England.)  
 Aria, Signor TAMBURINI, "Il mio piano" (*La Gazza Ladra*) ..... *Rossini.*  
 Grand Concertante for four principal violins, with Orchestral  
 Accompaniments, Messrs. MORI, PATEY, SEYMOUR,  
 and A. GRIESBACH ..... *Mauver.*  
 Cavatina, Signor RUBINI, "Vivi tu" (*Anna Bolena*) ..... *Donizetti.*  
 Terzetto, Mlle GIULIETTA GRISI, Signor RUBINI, and  
 Signor TAMBURINI, "Ti parli l'amore" ..... (*Otello*) ..... *Rossini.*

## PART II.

- Grand Overture to Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" ..... *F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*  
 Aria, Mrs H. R. BISHOP, "Voi che sapete" ..... (*Le Nozze di*  
*Figaro*) ..... *Mozart.*  
 Swiss Air, Madame STOCKHAUSEN.  
 Grand "Fantaisie brillante," (first time) on Swiss and  
 Tyrolean Airs, Pianoforte, Mr SALAMAN ..... *Czerngy.*  
 Aria, Mr H. PHILLIPS, "Lascia Amor." Oboe and Bassoon  
 Obligati, Mr G. COOKE and Mr MACKINTOSH,  
 (*Orlando*) ..... *Handel.*  
 Duetto, Mlle GIULIETTA GRISI and Signor TAMBURINI,  
 "Dunque io son" ..... (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*) ..... *Rossini.*  
 Grand Jubilee Overture ..... *C. M. von Weber.*

Leader, Mr MORI. Conductor, Sir GEORGE SMART.

Copyist and Librarian in attendance, Mr GIOVANNI WALKER.

CLEVES.—The Monument to the Knight of the Swan\* (from whom, according to the local tradition, the Dukes of Cleves were descended) was unveiled on the 28th August. A quadrangular basement supports an octagonal column. In niches of this column stand Beatrice, Duchess of Cleves, and her three sons: Dietrich, with the sword; Gottfried, with the horn; and Conrad, with the ring. On the top of the column is a conically shaped block, surmounted by the figure of the Knight of the Swan in the well-known costume and cloak, as he appears in the second act of *Lohengrin*. His sword hangs down from his belt in front of him, and in his left hand he holds the horn, while his right rests on the head of a Swan that with its long neck affectionately nestles up to him. The statue and the figures in the niches are of sandstone, and executed by Herr Custodis of Cologne after a design by Professor Steinle of Frankfort. The basement and octagonal column are Belgian granite. Around the base of the Monument are four trefoil-shaped basins, into which water flows through as many bronze swan-heads.

\* Lohengrin?—Dr Blüde.

## SIR J. BENEDICT'S GRAZIELLA.

Familiar to amateurs as is the proverbial "household word," the name, Sir Julius Benedict, is also not unknown in circles that may be technically called "non-musical." Not merely as a professor whose lifelong devotion to art was fitly recognized by her Majesty some time ago, but as one who, in one or other capacity, is foremost in good works, he has come to be regarded by Englishmen without distinction of classes as one of themselves. To the circumscribed few, as a pupil of Hummel, a friend and confidant of Weber, with whom for three years he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy, anything he may say on current musical topics is of paramount importance. This is intensified by the present "march of events," and the value of his cantata is not to be estimated merely as a valuable iota of the coming Festival programme. He speaks with the authority of a scholar and the ripened experience of a life reaching beyond the allotted time of the Psalmist. While national *clan* has carried his countrymen far away in abstruse musical metaphysics, and drafted them into meaningless polyphony, Benedict, true to his instincts, has never swerved from the right path, and his latest piece may court criticism with the same fearlessness as his earliest or his most laboriously composed works.

Having the aid of Mr Hersee as collaborateur, the author has given his pen to the illustration of a series of scenes supposed to occur on the island of Procida, in the Bay of Naples. The cantata commences with an instrumental introduction of the tarantella type, of which more than two-thirds is scored in the minor key of A. In its formulation the section clearly, and without the slightest attempt at over-colouring, serves to pave the way for the introduction of the voices, announcing the gathering of the villagers on one of the lovely islands studding the Bay of Naples. The lazzaroni, and those more immediately related to the toilers on the deep, among whom Graziella is presently to stand the central figure in a beautiful and majestic chorus in A major, announce—

*See with a slow majestic motion  
Sinks in splendour bright yon sun.*

The harmony is calculated to at once arrest the ear by its clearness and lucidity, and the absence of undue prolongation is a virtue that under the temptation of so fluent and facile a pen cannot, as is that of Sir Julius Benedict, be too highly commended. After two bars for the instruments an episodic change is initiated by the tenor voices, who, with a flowing accompaniment in quavers for the orchestra, sings a melodious period,

*Morning sees us blithely labour,*

and the soprano supplies the needful answer to the subject.

*Evening brings us welcome rest.*

In turn with the most discreet manipulation, the phrases are given, sometimes by the part responsible *solus*, and sometimes in ensemble with clever orchestral treatment, and, the first part of the number—a picture of an Italian sunset scene so far as tone painting can realize the conception, is finished by a return to the original utterance for voices with full orchestral combinations. Scarcely have the echoes died away upon the ear, when the vesper-like theme changes to one of mirth, the tempo is judiciously altered from common time to 6-8, and a tonal divergency occurs to the tonic minor scale. The change, which is ingeniously dovetailed in, is not at all kaleidoscopic. It comes in quite naturally, and there is no arranging of individual constituents in a haphazard manner, such as may or may not offend the musical vision. A phrase in unison for the corni, having a necessary relief in a sequence of full chords, is preliminary to the advent of the voices—

*Linger not the red wine quaffing,  
Let each face with smiles be gay.*

With suitable abandon, the joyous phases of the section is depicted, and, after a passage in unison for tenor and basses, "Chase dull care away," local colour is emphasized by the introduction of a third sub-section—

*Now the mirth grows more exciting  
To the Tarantella's strain.*

This is a bewitching scherzando in 2-4 time in C major, the first phrases of which are given to the soprano voices, answered chiefly in unisons by the male choir.

*First advancing, then retiring,  
Mark the maiden's furtive glance.*

Subsequently both are combined, and the bustle and excitement of the scene—in which, however, no sign of musical turmoil appears—is carried on without intermission by a recurrence of the before-mentioned phrase for corni with its underlying chords, and a reiteration of the subject already named by the voices combined, the rhythm

being also dexterously changed from 2-4 to 6-8. Mention might fitly be made of the melodious treatment for the words—

*And with dancing, singing, laughing,  
Chase dull care and grief away.*

By a sequence of quavers, first of all given to the alto, the accompanying harmony being supplied by the three remaining parts at the point where the mode changes from the major of A to the tonic major, and the rhythm back again to 2-4. Also the imitation of this, as an anti-climax, a sonorous phrase for the voices in unison similarly planned comes with excellent effect just previously to the termination of the scene.

The merry-making is slightly interrupted by the appearance of the fisher-maiden Graziella, and her advent on the scene is told by a short chorus in 9-8 time, in the key of F major, and the old, old story of hopeless love is sentimentally conveyed thus by Mr Hersee's lines:—

*There comes Graziella, whose loveliness fair  
Young Renzo still worships, though doomed to despair.*

A brief phrase for Graziella, or a sort of waltz-like theme, apparently justifies the expostulations—

*Why, Graziella, art thou still so cold to Renzo's pleadings?*

To the choral remonstrance, in a recitative and aria, the heroine gives her views of the matter:—

*Lovers' rows, with honey laden,  
Oft deceive the trusting fair!*

The recitative is short but telling, and the aria, in which the key—that of E major—is preserved throughout, has graphic variety by such changes in *tempi* as from 3-4 to 9-8 and back again. The first section concludes with a very elaborate vocal *cadenza*, and the succeeding one, "Liberty! thou art to me dearest of books," is a melodious *allegro con slancio*. At the re-introduction of the initiatory aria, "Lovers' vows," the harp is added to the accompaniment; and again, with effect, comes a second *cadenza*. The scene finishes with a bold chromatic phrase, extending to B flat in alt, "Let me ever be free." As a sequel to the richly-coloured dialogue, a short instrumental phrase is interpolated *Tempo di Tarantella*. This, however, is suddenly interrupted by a *sforzando* chord covering up what should have been the final phrase, and is doubtless intended to depict the startling rapidity with which a Mediterranean storm appears. With a regard for proper physical probabilities, the author seeks not to over-elaborate the scene by any lengthy portrayal, and lets his music tell its tale in the space of about a score of bars. In imminent peril Graziella describes her father, who had gone to ply his avocation, and in an impassioned recitative appeals to the bystanders—

*Help! see, yonder on the cruel rocks,  
My father's boat has struck.*

Realizing the danger of the situation, the various groups reply in alternate phrases, in the key of D minor—

*None but a mailman would endeavour  
To launch a boat in such a sea.*

The storm increases in strength, and, at the critical juncture, the unsuccessful lover Renzo appears. At once reading the situation, in a short *agitato* in the key of B flat major, sings—

*Give me a boat; I'll save him.*

The chorus again remonstrate with the phrase, as before, but unheeding their warning, the brave man turns to Graziella, and asking as his guerdon the silver cross she wears, and her love, if successful, at once rushes to the rescue of her father. Here, again, the author does not allow himself to be drawn from a faithful and at the same time a commonsense delineation. Events crowd so quickly that an aria here interpolated, although great is the temptation, would be quite out of place. Contenting himself with barely twelve bars in the key of D flat major, Benedict contrives to compress each detail with brevity that is all the more commendable inasmuch as it is not ordinarily met with. While the storm movement is left, and naturally so, to the instrumentation, a chorus of nuns sing "Miserere Domini" in a neighbouring convent, answered by antiphonal phrases for the male choir with the same words. With a look for no one but her father, Graziella follows with intense and breathless anxiety the heroic efforts of Renzo to reach the apparently doomed man, and, after the last ejaculation of the nuns with those of the not unmoved group on the shore, thus appeals—

*Gracious heaven, have mercy.*

The detail of the rescue is told by Graziella, and the welcome of the bystanders to the pair who emerge from a seeming watery grave finds expression in a short choral phrase, "Genaro's life is saved." To this succeeds a highly-wrought aria for Graziella—



*My heart, that was frightened with clouds of despair,  
Is bounding delighted with happiness rare.*

This is in the key of A major, and is scored with the power and fluency only to be met with in a perfect master of instrumentation. The fisherman is made acquainted with the promise given by his daughter to Renzo, and the colloquy between the three is carried on quasi-parlante in the ordinary dialogue form. On to the melody of the before-mentioned aria for Graziella is tacked parts for the lover and father, a third element being introduced in the person of Alonzo, a pseudo artist, who is a secret admirer of the village beauty. Together the quartet forms a charming ensemble, and is conspicuous not only for ingenious treatment of the plastic materials at hand, but for the grace and melodiousness to be met with in almost every bar. Ultimately the chorus join, and a lengthy concerted eight-part piece, containing soliloquies for the lovers, and congratulating phrases for the father and the villagers, brings the scene to a termination.

Part II. opens with a recitative for Alonzo—

*A month has glided by since I arrived at Procida—*

in the key of B flat minor, narrating the growth of his passion for Graziella, and an appended aria in B flat major—

*When first this lovely shore I sought ;*

and the two strophes Mr. Hersee has here supplied are beautifully set by the composer, who in this as in other instances shows that he is not deaf either to the claims or the charms of pure melody. Adventitiously, Graziella interrupts his impassioned song by her entrance, and the ensuing dialogue reveals the fact that the artist lover is of noble descent, and according to his own words, "I am in truth the Count of Lavagna." Dazzled at first by the offer of "rank and wealth and endless love," the heroine pauses, but remembering she is an affianced bride, ultimately rejoins, "My faith is pledged to Renzo." In an insidious recitative Alonzo enquires—

*Could'st thou not love me, say,  
If thy betrothal stood in the way ?*

and for reply receives in a plaintive andante in the key of B flat major—

*If it will console thee, I the truth will own,  
If it were free my heart were thine alone.*

Unobserved, Renzo approaches, and hears the death-knell of his hopes for future happiness from the lips of his fiancée. With self-sacrificing abnegation he declares, inasmuch as her welfare is dearer to him than his own, they shall part. An exceedingly chastely-written trio in the key of F major, in 3-4 time, is utilized to express the varied emotions of the personages involved. Graziella, who does not yet realize Renzo's renunciation of her hand, promises his rival, "Oft shall thy name be breath'd by me." Renzo utters his sad, yet dignified "Farewell," and Alonzo joins with an earnest petition, "Think of the heart that thrill'd for thee." It is manifestly impossible to give anything like a final opinion upon concerted music like the piece in question from the opportunity at hand, but quite sufficient is to be met with in its evolution, graceful phrasing, musicianly treatment, and evident originality to stamp it as one of the most effective specimens of part writing the author has hitherto given to the world. The even melodic flow of the trio ended, Renzo, in a series of sequentially-arranged recitatives, bids Graziella farewell, and announces his intention henceforth to live for his country, in a martial aria in 3-4 time in the key of C major—

*Our dear land is harassed by a fierce invading foe,  
To fight for Italy at once I go.*

The adieux being spoken, after the departure of Graziella and Alonzo, Renzo, apostrophising the cross which had been given to him on a memorable occasion, sings in a recitative "From thee, dear relic, I never will part," which is preliminary to a beautiful ballad in G major, scored in 12-8 time, "The ship that spreads her pinions white." The aria finished, Graziella and Alonzo return with Genaro, who consents to the union proposed, and the scene closes with a quartet, in which the two lovers take their leave of Graziella, the self-rejected one to go to the wars, and the accepted one to obtain the permission of his mother for the marriage. A short chorus of sailors, picturing the preparation for departure, is also here interpolated.

Scene 3, supposed to open six months after the events just narrated, finds Graziella, whose solitary letter from Alonzo during that period informs her that his mother refuses to sanction their union, just upon the point of commencing her novitiate. The step caused by a contemplation of the faithfulness of Renzo, who had sent as a dying bequest when he fell on the field of battle, the cross so dear to him, with the fickleness of the love she had so hastily welcomed, is explained by a recitative, and the abbess of the convent which is to

be her future abode, in a solo "Come, Graziella," endeavours to strengthen her resolution.

The finale shows the nuns who come to welcome Graziella to their peaceful home, and also discovers her tardy lover Alonzo, appearing to claim his bride. Faithful, however, to the lost love, Graziella perseveres in her determination, and the life devotion of the dying soldier is vindicated, as also his earnest prayer at his voluntary renunciation,

*Hope and joy have fled for ever,  
But in regions far above  
We shall meet, no more to sever.*

The voices of the people are heard at this touching episode, and with the solemn chant of the nuns the cantata ends.

## The Outlaw.

### A Sad Story of the Summer Sea.

He held with boatmen on the beach  
No meteorologic speech ;  
The gleeful shrimp (the tripper's  
goal)  
Awoke no echo in his soul ;  
He took the lodgings as they came,  
Without the energy to frame  
Inquiries touching on the flea,  
Or extras (which shall ever be).

While others grouped, and chummed,  
and chaffed,  
And let themselves be photo-  
graphed,  
He sat apart and brooded thus,  
Distinctly non-gregari-us.  
Each foot that came, each wave  
that brake  
He greeted with a nervous quake  
And glanced around with nerves  
acute,  
As apprehensive of pursuit.

At length, unable more to brave  
The light, he sought a lonely cave,  
And, crouching there in crushed  
affright,  
Kept close by day, and prowled by  
night.  
Fux sought him out; in abject fear,  
Concluding that his end was near,  
He cowered, speechless, for a time.  
Then, yielding, told his tale of crime.

"A friend of mine" (he said) "alas !  
Procured a ticket, second-class,  
Proposing to proceed by train  
To Little Mudbeach-on-the-Main.  
But spermaceti, going down,  
Prevented him from quitting town,  
And he presented (being free  
Of hand) that ticket unto me !

"And I—ah, thing of grief and  
shame,  
That I could do it!—used the same,  
Though 'Not transferable,' in black-  
And-white was printed on the back.  
The clippers clipped, from time to  
time, [crime ;  
That little card, nor guessed my  
The kind collectors could not see  
They had not issued it to me !

"But now I lurk in fear and doubt,  
Convinced that they have found it  
out,  
And even now are on my track—  
Perhaps with thumbscrews and the  
rack."  
Fux stared, unlinged, disgusted,  
shocked ;  
His very powers of speech were  
locked ;  
He left ; for words were not in place  
In so unparalleled a case.

—Fux.

BAYREUTH.—*Parsifal* is to be performed here twenty times next year between the 15th July and the 1st September. The King of Bavaria has consented to the members of the Munich Opera again co-operating, and this year's representatives of the principal characters have likewise promised their services. The notion of representing other Wagnerian works appears to be abandoned. With regard to the pecuniary result of the sixteen performances given, it is stated that, despite the heavy outlay, there is a surplus of 120,000 marks. The sum expended by the Managing Committee attained the respectable total of 380,000 marks, and the King of Bavaria, whose account is kept separate, paid as much. Commenting on these figures, the *Volkszeitung* remarks : "According to the returns, then, the *Parsifal* performances cost upwards of 700,000 marks. Such was the amount which had to be expended to introduce to the world the late fruits of Wagner's mental labours ! What part of this immense sum did it cost to place Beethoven's *Fidelio* on the stage ? Wagner's *Tannhäuser* proved successful with ordinary operatic resources ; for the production of the *Nibelungenring* and *Parsifal* all Germany was set in commotion, a Festival-Play-House erected, and sufficient money sacrificed to found one of the finest charitable institutions in the world."

Jules Alexandre Demeur, born at Hodimont-lez-Verviers on the 23rd September, 1814, died in Paris on the 21st ult. At one time he belonged as flautist to the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and was afterwards professor of his instrument at the Conservatory in the same capital. After marrying Mdlle Charton, the well known singer, he led a retired life in Paris.

## EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 1.

1784.

(Continued from page 460.)

At these musical performances Mr Ashley, a sub-director, and first bassoon at Covent Garden Theatre, played for the first time on a newly-invented instrument called a double bassoon, an appropriate appellation, it being double the size of the common ones. This instrument, which rested on a stand, had a sort of flue affixed to the top of it, similar (with the exception of smoke) to that of a Richmond steam-boat. I am ignorant, however, whether it produced any tone, or whether it was placed in the orchestra to terminate the prospect. The name of this double bass and gigantic instrument, which was only fit to be grasped by the monster Polyphenus, did not transpire, and the double bassoon, which had never been heard, was never again seen after these performances were ended! The profits arising from these performances, as well as the former ones, were applied to charitable purposes. The official statement of the sum received at the five commemoration performances was £12,736 12s. 10d. The disbursements, among which were £6,000 to the society for decayed musicians, (the members of which attended the rehearsals and performances gratis,) and £1,000 to the Westminster Hospital, amounted to the same sum, with the exception of £286 6s. 6d., left in the hands of Mr Redmond Simpson, sub-treasurer, to answer subsequent demands. That gentleman, as a performer on the oboe, was highly estimated before Fischer arrived in England. He was musical librarian to the Queen, and many years principal oboist to the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and when he retired he was succeeded by Mr Sharp, my predecessor. At his funeral, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, I attended with other wind instrument players who respected him, and we assisted in the performance of the *Dead March in Saul* over his grave.

The public were so highly gratified with the Abbey performances, that the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, perceiving that music was the order of the day, produced, on the 5th of November, a new comic opera in two acts, entitled *The Spanish Rivals*; the music of which was composed by Mr Linley. This composition was very effective: the song in it, "Let the lark find repose," is a delightful piece, and was twice sweetly sung by Miss Phillips, afterwards Mrs Crouch. The manager of Covent Garden Theatre, not to be behind-hand, presented, on the 16th of November, a new comic opera in three acts, with extraordinary success, entitled *Fontainebleau*; or, *Our way in France*. The dramatic part of the piece was written by O'Keefe. The music was compiled and composed by Mr Shield. Among the prominent pieces are "Let Fame sound the trumpet," an original and beautiful composition, well sung by Johnstone; Edwin's comic song "In London my life is a ring of delight," the *ne plus ultra* of comic singing, and Miss Wheeler's bravura, accompanied by me on the oboe, which was (says a critic) a scientific and brilliant display of vocal and instrumental excellence. On this song Peter Pindar wrote the following lines. They first appeared in the *Morning Herald*, of December, 1784, and are now to be found amongst his fugitive pieces:

To thee, while others pour their praise,  
The bard delighted joins the throng;  
With pride he tunes though weak his lays,  
Where merit justifies the song.  
  
Yet think not Parke thy wond'rous skill  
Fair praise alone from mortals draws:  
Lo! Phœbus listens from his hill,  
And all the Muses join th' applause.

A few days after this highly successful opera was produced Mr Shield gave a dinner party at his house in compliment to those friends who had performed the principal parts in it, among whom were Edwin, Johnstone, Bannister, myself, Mr Fozard, &c. Such a combination of talent could not but prove entertaining, as each one contributed after dinner to the hilarity of the meeting. Mr Fozard (the fashionable horse-dealer of Park Lane) described a new species of robbery which had been committed on his premises during the preceding night. It appeared some villains had broken into his stables, and cut off the tails of a string of valuable young horses just received from the breeder. "This circumstance," said he, addressing his friend Bannister, "has distressed me very much, for I am quite at a loss how to sell them. What would you advise?"—"Why," said Bannister, in his peculiar way, "in my opinion, the best thing you can do is to sell them by *wholesale*, for you'll never be able to *re-tail* them." Edwin gave some of his comic songs inimitably, particularly "Amo, Amas," from "The Agreeable Surprise," and "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row;" and Johnstone some of his Irish airs, and duets with Bannister. Shield, who

was so good an actor, that Edwin, at the rehearsal of a new opera, would never go through his songs till he had heard him sing them, related with great ability, the following whimsical anecdote of an actor of the name of Digges, who had performed the principal characters at Colman's Theatre in the Hay Market during the preceding summer. This man, (a tragedian,) who had obtained the appellation of the great northern actor, and who was as frigid as the vicinity of the north pole, having had his benefit fixed, began to consider what attractive novelty he should produce to fill the house on that occasion, and at length determined to select *The Beggar's Opera*, and to perform the character of Macheath in it himself. Digges, who had never before attempted a song, sent for his old friend Shield to ask his advice, and to request him to hear him sing one of the songs, which, on his arrival, in strict accordance with Hamlet's advice to the players, "Suit the action to the word," he rehearsed in the following manner:

## AIR.

When the heart [striking his left breast with his right hand] of a man is depress'd with care,

The mist [drawing his hands across his eyes] is dispelled when a woman appears;

Like the notes of a fiddle [imitating the action of playing one] she sweetly, sweetly

Raises his spirits and charms his ear. [Seizing his left lug with the thumb and finger of his right hand.]

Digges proceeded no further, for the lengthened countenance of his friend Shield deterred him; nor did he subsequently appear in the character of Macheath, whereby he not only evinced much prudence, but probably avoided a similar fate to that intended for Mr D——n, an unpopular actor in Dublin, who being announced in the playbills to perform the character of Richard the Third, was luckily prevented from appearing by sudden illness. On this disappointment being communicated to the audience by the manager, from the stage, a gentleman sprung upon the seats of the pit, and addressing the public, said, with a stentorian voice, "Jontlemen! as Mr D——n don't act to-night you may ate your apples."

The King's Theatre opened for the season on the 18th of December, with a comic opera, called *Il Curioso Indiscreto*; the music by Anfossi, in which Signor Cremonini appeared for the first time; his talent was not very splendid. The music of this opera is not one of Anfossi's best efforts; nevertheless there are in it some pretty airs, and the *finches* are various and original.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY WORK AND TOBACCO.—In response to a circular recently sent out by Mr Arthur Reade, who has been collecting information as to the habits of literary men in regard to stimulants, the Abbé Moigno gives an interesting and characteristic record of his experiences. The letter appearing in his paper, *Les Mondes*, states that he has published 150 volumes, small and great; that he scarcely ever leaves his work table, and never takes walking exercise; yet he never has a trace of headache, or brain-weariness, or constipation, or any form of urinary trouble, &c. He never has recourse for his work to stimulants, coffee, alcohol, tobacco, &c., a statement which the sequel shows to need qualification. Snuff-taking he has sometimes practised, but he vigorously condemns it. He has learnt 12 foreign languages by a method of his own, and with regard to his acquisitions in philology and chronology, he says, "I was one of the most extraordinary personalities of my time, and François Arago sometimes laughingly threatened to have me burnt as a sorcerer." On one occasion when in Munich for a few weeks and spending his evenings with Bavarian *savants*, who each smoked four or five cigars and drank two or three pots of beer daily (Steinheil the most illustrious, boasted of smoking 6,000 cigars a year), the Abbé came to smoke three or four cigars a day. He had also anew taken to snuff, so that when preparing his calculus of variations, a very difficult mathematical work, he would empty his snuff-box (which held 25 grammes) in a day. But one day he was surprised to find himself painfully unable to recall the meaning of foreign words, and remember dates with which he had been familiar. Thereupon he formed a heroic resolution, and since August 31, 1863, when he smoked three cigars and took 25 centimes worth of snuff, he has up to the 25th of June, 1882, touched neither. This was, for him, a complete resurrection, not only of memory, but of general health and well-being; he has had indefinite capacity of work, unconscious digestion, perfect assimilation of food (of which he can take more), &c. For the rest, he mentions that he takes a small cup of black coffee in the morning, and when all but two or three spoonfuls has been drank, he adds a small spoonful of brandy or other alcoholic liquor. This is his ration of stimulants. He goes to bed about 9, and rises at 5, "full of vigour." The Abbé is over 80.

## WAIFS.

Remenyi is engaged for thirty concerts in Texas this winter.

The Liceo Musicale Rossini, at Pesaro, will be opened in November. A great "Sängerfest" is to be held at Buffalo, U.S., in July, 1883.

Madeline Schiller, the pianist, is about to marry a Mr Clarence S. Ward.

*I due Soci* is the title of the opera on which Signor Gialdini is now employed.

The baritone Verger is in negotiation with the management of the Milan Scala.

Mdme Marie Sasse has opened a school of singing and "scenic art" in Paris.

Miss Stevenson's many friends will learn with regret that she is dangerously ill.

Mlle Aimée, engaged by Maurice Gran, was expected in America early this month.

Mad Judie will shortly fulfil an engagement at the Teatro de la Comedia, Madrid.

There is some talk of opening the Teatro Carcano, Milan, for opera during the carnival.

*Music and Drama* (New York) says: "Mr Ernest Gye is coming here to reconnoitre."

M. Demarans, a French professor of music, was murdered in Cairo by his native servants.

A biography of Nicola Vaccai, the composer, by his son, Giulio, has been published in Bologna.

Emma Juch reached New York some time since from England. She is engaged by Mr. Mapleson.

A choral society, entitled the Guido Monaco Choral Society, will shortly be established in Florence.

Mlle Marianne Brandt has been singing with much success in *Fidelio* at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

The harpist, Lebano, having returned from Spain, is giving concerts in the principal towns of Sicily.

Nolli, the barytone, is engaged at the Teatro Argentina, Rome, from the 20th inst to the 10th December.

The French residents in New York gave Thérèse Théo a grand reception on her arrival in the Empire City.

Pauline Lucca will appear for a few nights at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, in the early part of December.

Señor Larra is translating into Spanish the libretto of von Suppé's *Boccaccio* for the Teatro de Jovellanos, Madrid.

After fulfilling her engagement at the Grand Opera, Paris, Mlle Rosita Mauri intends, it is said, retiring from the stage.

August Neumann is said to have a guarantee fund of 100,000 dollars for his *Nibelung* performances in America next year.

An Italian operatic company are performing in Cadiz whence they proceed to Alicante. The leading lady is Signora Escalente.

*La Correspondencia Musical* of the 6th inst. states that Pablo Sarasate was shortly expected at Pampeluna from San Sebastian.

M. Wieniawski, the pianist, assisted by Mad Zaremska and Mlle Marie Poirson, gave a concert a short time since at Ostend.

Carl Klindworth, the pianist, has left Moscow and joined the professional staff at the Neue Academie der Tonkunst (Kullak's), Berlin.

A new zarzuela, *La Muleta Consejera*, illustrative of Cuban manners, is in preparation at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid.

The operatic season at the Politeama Rossetti, Trieste, was inaugurated with Verdi's *Nabucco*, the second opera being the same master's *Rigoletto*.

The Italian dramatic author, Paolo Giacometti, died recently at Rome. He was born in 1816, and achieved success as a dramatist when only twenty.

Mancinelli's "Hymn" for the Guido Monaco Festival at Arezzo was enthusiastically received and encored. Boito's *Mefistofele*, also, was highly successful.

The National Hymn of San Marino, composed by Sig. Marengo, was lately performed in the principal square of the Republic and the presence of the entire population, who were much pleased with it.

With the consent of the author, M. F. Mistral, the well-known poem, *Calendal*, in the Provençal dialect, has been transformed by M. Paul Ferrier into a libretto, for which M. Henri Maréchal writes the music.

Mdme Minnie Hauk will commence a five-months' concert tour at Boston, U.S., in October, and afterwards visit the other large cities of the great Republic.

Richard Kleinmichel, musical director at the Leipsic Stadttheater, has completed a romantico-comic opera, *Manon*, which will be produced next year in Hamburg.

Christian Adolph Hertz, famous for his treatises—*Lohengrin and the Wagnerian Tendency*, *The Future of Art in Scandinavia*, &c.—died at Copenhagen on the 21st ult.

The season at the Milan Scala will probably be inaugurated with *L'Etoile du Nord*, the principal characters being sustained by Signorina Dalty and M. Maurel.

Kéler Béla was conductor at the concerts in the Tonhalle, Zurich; after which he took part in a Benefit Concert at the Zoological Garden, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

The performers in the Madrid orchestras have banded together to defend their common interest. *La Cronica de la Música* mentions five societies founded for this purpose.

Gloria Keller, a young lady who has attained the ripe age of eight, is creating a sensation at Alicante by her phenomenal powers as pianist, vocalist, and elocutionist.

Dr Wüllner has declined the directorship of the Hoch Conservatory, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, despite the exceedingly liberal emoluments attached to it, and remains in Dresden.

In addition to the usual annual grant of 20,000 florins for the Klausenburg Nationaltheater, the Emperor of Austria has given 10,000 florins for last year and the same for this.

After an absence of nearly five months, Mdme Materna made her re-appearance at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, as Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*, and met with a very cordial reception.

He thought he would mark his new shirts himself. So he marked the first shirt "Alfred Washington Jones," and the other eleven shirts, "ditto." (This must be taken *cum grano*.—Dr Stinger.)

The twenty-fifth annual festival of the Worcester County (Mass., U. S.), Musical Association will commence on Monday, the 25th inst., and end on the Friday following. Mr Frederic Archer will be solo organist and Carl Zerrahn conductor.

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